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A stock-yards fire in early morning last week caused a panic in a Chicago hotel and resulted in the destruction of the noted O'Leary club house, entailing losses of \$50,000.

The cruiser Phaeton of the British Pacific squadron put into San Diego last week on her way to Panama, whither she was ordered for use in the Colombian rebellion.

PAPA ITA IS MAKING READY



THE ILLUSTRATIONS ABOVE ARE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE IN TAHITI OF PAPA ITA BEFORE AND AFTER HIS MARVELOUS PEAT OF WALKING ON WHITE-HEATED STONES. THE OLD MAN WHO WILL SOON ESSAY THE WONDER HERE WEARS A WHITE ROBE WHICH ON THE STONES. HE SPEAKS NOTHING BUT TAHITIAN BUT LOOKS MUCH LIKE A HAWAIIAN.

Fire Ordeal To Be Seen in Few Days.

TAHITIAN KAHUNA READY FOR TEST

Curious Salamander Mystery as Witnessed in Japan.

PAPA ITA, the Tahitian Salamander, will soon walk upon heated lava stones and prove to physicians, scientists, scoffers and to all who may yet be skeptical that fire has no terrors for him.

A. H. Lewis, the Hawaiian, who brought the aged Tahitian to Honolulu several weeks ago, has in readiness the lava stones and the peculiarly mottled lava stones which are required for the feat which the South Sea sorcerer will undertake. The wood was difficult to procure and much more expensive in Hawaii than in Tahiti. The stones were easily found and Papa Ita pronounces them perfect for the fire ordeal.

The principal question which has bothered Mr. Lewis is the place for the exhibition. He has approached the Territorial officials, one after another, and asked for the privilege of using public lands in the burnt district or in Aala park, but has been refused. He next sought the Bishop Estate and made them a proposition, which will be submitted to a meeting of the trustees today.

It is believed that the Bishop Estate will accommodate the Tahitian and assist the exhibition, which is anxiously awaited by the public. Numbers of men of a scientific turn of mind are interested in the matter and may help the Tahitian in placing his novel physical feat before the public without further vexatious delays.

The following concerning a similar ordeal in Japan will be of peculiar interest:

Of reliable writers on Japan, says Elizabeth Balch, Mr. Chamberlain

stands at the head, when in "Things Japanese" he tells us that the cherry blossoms are in perfection at Ueno park in Tokio on the 7th of April, for on the 9th we found them there still in their prime. Blossoms, blossoms everywhere; on the grass, on the trees, in the air, floating down on us as we passed under the branches, while, outside the flowers in colors, gay crowds of Japanese were seeking and finding pleasure in their own eastern fashion. Here a child in a bright kimono with scarlet under-petticoat and crimson obi, there a little girl in kimono of variegated colors, a yellow handkerchief about her neck and gay decorations in her elaborately-dressed hair. Older women, sweet-faced and gentle, in softer colors, and men, quite the reverse, in loose, floppy would-be European cloaks, were clattering along on their wooden clogs, all chattering loudly and merrily. Here is a family group on their mats under the trees, the girls, in odd headgear, staring at us as we pass, unconscious that the camera is focused upon them; there a ring of young girls playing blind man's buff, while close by another crowd surrounds a swing, in which a half-grown boy is flying perilously high above their heads. Further on, fencers in their Bedouin-like costumes, striking out at one another with long bamboo poles, head, shoulders, body resounding with whacks; sometimes leaping into the air cat-like and hitting downward. The noise is astonishing, but bamboo poles are light. Indeed, to a European the fierce guttural animal sounds which accompany each hit or miss are as alarming as the strokes. But today the crowd prevented our hearing or seeing distinctly.

We found our friends and on again a half hour more through crowded streets to the temple. There a crowd was gathered. It was about 5 o'clock and at dark the priests were to begin to walk over the fire—for that is what we were there to see. Twice a year the gods are prevailed on to take the heat from the fire so that the devout may walk upon it unharmed. The skeptics in one group outnumbered the believers, but you shall see.

At the steps we must take off our shoes and contribute our one yen to the support of the temple. Arrangements had been carefully made beforehand, and for the Europeans a small veranda was reserved directly opposite the whole length of the fire and so close that our faces grew hotter and hotter as it burned more brightly. Half Tokio was here: Russians and French, Swiss, Germans, English,

Scotch, Americans. Some of us slipped away to see the ceremony preceding the fire-walking. In the temple a crowd was collected and in the chancel, as I may call it for lack of another word, two rows of priests sat facing one another. Several were in robes of white silk, one in blue and one in green. The effect was brilliant and made still more picturesque by the close-fitting horse hair caps, with long tails of the high priest and his subordinates. After some muttered invocations the high priest turned to a cupboard-like shrine in one corner of the chancel, where he burned incense and performed other acts of devotion, apparently. Behind him, in two long lines like a flying wedge in a football game knelt the other priests, now joined by two women of the temple with reverent faces. The half-intoned service was not unlike a Gregorian chant and was accompanied by a continuous response from the congregation. Throughout the latter part we stood in the doorway of one of the temple apartments opening out of the chancel. Here refreshments were provided for guests, oranges, tea (?)—and for courtesy, not for payment. Later, in response to thanks, the high priest presented his card to one of the visitors.

As the priests fled out of the temple we took our places on the veranda, a proceeding less easy than it sounds, as we had to find ourselves places on the already crowded floor, and sit or kneel

(Continued on Page 3.)

BONES TELL A TALE OF LOVE

A Pair Who Died Rather Than Part.

STORY OF A LEPER AND HIS FIANCEE

Honolulu Woman Says That the Skeleton is That of Her Son.

NOT very long ago there was published in the Advertiser a story of the discovery of two human skeletons in a quarry back of the Lunallilo Home on the mountain side. Many people read the story with the interest which is usually attached to such subjects, but there was one person in Honolulu who read it with deadly heartache and to whom the facts were as a revelation from the dead.

The printed story answered a question which had been in the mind of one reader for over two years. A mother, who, two years ago, had been parted from her son and who had wondered all the many days what had become of him, saw in the columns of this paper the answer to the question which had which had so long troubled her, day so long troubled her, day and night—"What became of my boy?"

Mrs. Kinimaka, Kamano Kinimaka, who lives in this city, upon reading of the finding of the two skeletons, exclaimed: "Auwe, auwe! they are the skeletons of my boy and the girl he loved."

Then the unhappy woman gave way to her grief and let her mind wander back to the days when she was wont to have her boy with her, to love and be proud of.

Mrs. Kinimaka told Captain Parker of the police department that she was sure one of the skeletons was that of her boy and that the other was without doubt all that was left of the girl he had loved and who had loved him.

In the last year there have only two people among the natives who have been missed. Those two were the son of Mrs. Kinimaka and the girl who loved him well enough to die with him rather than to live without him. Keavemahi was the name of the young man who disappeared two years ago with the girl. The girl's name is not ascertainable at the present time.

Keavemahi was found to be a leper and was taken to the Kallhi receiving station, where he was to remain until

he was sent to the settlement on Molokai. He had a sweetheart, one whom he had known for a long time and who loved him with the same strong affection which he had for her. She was surprised and shocked when she found he had been declared a leper, but, still faithful in her love, she thought none the less of him and longed to be with him.

She wanted to be sent to the settlement on Molokai with him and prayed the Board of Health for permission to go to the settlement. But the Board of Health would not allow this. The youth was so discouraged with life when he found that he was to be parted from the one he loved forever, that he attempted to take his own life by cutting his throat. But he did not die and some time afterwards recovered from his terrible wound, in the hospital. When he was well again he made his escape from the Kallhi receiving station and, evidently having made arrangements with his sweetheart, met her and the two fled to the mountains together, where it is supposed that they killed themselves, preferring to die in each other's arms to existing without each other's company and affection.

The skeletons recently found were those of a man and of a woman; they were found lying near to each other, face to face.

This man and this woman were the only two natives who have been missed from the community during the last two years. The skeletons were found not far from where the lovers were last seen. The mother of the young man believes the male skeleton to be that of her son. In fact all the indications point to one conclusion and that is that the two skeletons are all that remain of the young leper who escaped from the law two years ago and whose sweetheart loved him too well to live without him. The records of the Kallhi receiving station and the Board of Health bear out many parts of the above story, while others are vouched for by those well acquainted with the facts.

A stranger romance has not been brought to light in this city for a long time. It is said that several such incidents, however, have occurred in these islands in connection with the segregation of lepers.

LUAU ENDED BY STABBING

Sam Pedro Badly Cut and George Brown Locked Up.

Sam Pedro, a half-Hawaiian and half negro, was stabbed last night during a luau at his home, in Kallhi valley near the old Cummings residence, George Brown is at the police station held for investigation. Pedro was making merry with friends and most of the feasters had reached a state of intoxication shortly after 11 o'clock, when a fight started.

Someone telephoned for the police. A mounted patrolman sent from the station reported back that Pedro was in a precarious condition and that George Brown, who was said to have done the cutting, had fled.

The patrol wagon was dispatched by Night Clerk Jack Kalakela of the police station to take Pedro to the hospital. A few minutes afterward a man who announced himself as George Brown walked into the station and asked for Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth. He was drunk and covered with blood. Clerk Kalakela detained him and ascertained that Brown had been to the luau. Brown refused to say that he had been mixed up in the fight but said he had been with Pedro.

He was locked up. No weapon was found on him. Brown is a stevedore, a negro, and has been in Honolulu some time.

Pedro was not taken to the hospital, as he refused to go. He was stabbed three inches above the heart with a jack-knife which was turned about in the wound. He was also cut in the shoulder. It is said that he will recover. The luau had been in progress since December 31 and those participating were well mellowed by the days of joy.

The legality of several court-martial sentences has been argued before the Court of Claims and the decision is pending.

The Chamber of Commerce of Berlin have asked for a continuation of the present tariff policy.

The United States Supreme Court adjourned on December 24th until January 7th.

Two more severe earthquakes are reported from Santiago de Cuba.

Some Arizona convicts were given parcels for Christmas presents.

A hand of footpads and thugs are keeping Denver in hot water.

DASTARDLY ATTEMPT OF AN UNKNOWN INCENDIARY

Mounted Patrolman Vida Frustrates a Plan To Burn Harry Lewis' Residence on Beretania Street.

A DASTARDLY attempt was made last night to burn the residence of Fred W. Macfarlane at the corner of Beretania and Punahou streets, at present occupied by Harry Lewis and family. The quick action of a policeman who caught the incendiary in the very act of setting fire to the place saved a great property loss and in all probabilities averted a tragedy. As far as known the police have no clue to the criminal, nor is there any reason guessed at for his scoundrelly deed.

The residence is one of the handsomest on Beretania street and sets well back from the street, surrounded by a wealth of tropical foliage and shrubbery which partially hides the lower portion of the house from street view. A great banyan tree in the front yard casts a deep shade over the entire lawn, extending to the house itself. Up to the time of his departure for the mainland, William Haywood and family had occupied the residence for some years. For the past ten days Mr. Lewis and family have made it their home, having just returned from an extended trip abroad.

At 10 o'clock Mounted Patrolman Will Vida was on the Beretania street beat. He had just turned into Punahou street and while there a sudden flash of light on the Waikiki side of the house on the steps leading to Mr. Lewis' bedroom caught his eye. In the illumination Vida made out the figure of a man crouching upon the steps. The man's attitude, the late hour and the general appearance of the house, which showed that the occupants had retired, aroused Vida's suspicions and he acted quickly. Leaping the fence he ran across the lawn toward the place whence the flash of light was seen. The man on the steps heard the sounds of the approaching officer and, dropping his light, turned and fled. In

the excitement of the moment the would-be incendiary was lost to sight.

Vida upon gaining the steps observed the smell of coal oil, and upon closer investigation discovered that the base of the house was saturated with the inflammable material. The match which the criminal had lighted was extinguished none too soon, for had it come in contact with the oil-soaked wood the house would almost instantly have been enveloped in flames. Vida quickly awoke the sleeping people within the house, and Mr. Lewis was apprised of the danger which had so narrowly been averted. Mr. Lewis was astonished and could give no clue whatever as to the reason why an incendiary would have for attempting to fire the house. He recognized instantly that Vida's prompt action had probably saved his and his family's lives. The matter was reported to the police station at once, and an officer was detailed to guard the house for the rest of the night. An empty bottle near by the steps told its story.

"I was asleep," said Mr. Lewis to an Advertiser reporter, "when I was suddenly awakened by Patrolman Vida. He told me that an attempt had been made to burn my house. I went outside and found the steps on the Waikiki side leading to my bedroom, saturated with coal oil. It was unmistakable, and it was not yet all soaked into the wood. Vida told me he had seen a flash of light when some one on the steps lit a match, but when he got inside the grounds and made for the steps he could find no one around. He tried to catch the miscreant, but the fellow had a good start and got away. We found an empty bottle near the steps. I don't believe I have an enemy, and cannot account for this incendiary attempt. Of course, I have only been there about ten days. Before that Mr. Haywood occupied the residence. As to the incendiary being a former servant, I am unable to state, and I cannot think of any former servant of whom I have made an enemy. It is a mystery to me."